

IN A DUNGEON CELL.

How a Reporter Fared Among the Confederates.

"FREED, DUNGEON AND ESCAPE."

The Story Told by Albert D. Richardson—Twenty Months' Captivity—A Race for Liberty.

HE circumstances of Richardson's capture by the Confederates were characteristic. When Grant's army was at Grand Gulf, on the Mississippi below Vicksburg, Richardson, a Unionist, was in the hands of the Confederates. He was taken to a large loaded with hay bales. After a terrible experience the expedition passed the batteries and was within ten minutes of safety when it suddenly came to grief. "In the confusion caused by our evolutions in the eddies," says Richardson, "I had quite lost the points of the compass, and asked, 'In which direction is Vicksburg?' There, replied Jimmie, pointing to the lurid smoke, 'I think it must be on the other shore.' 'Oh, no; wait a moment and you'll see the flash of the guns.' Just then I did see the flash of more guns than I could count, and four or five shots came shrieking toward us. Colburn and myself instinctively dropped behind the nearest hay bales. A moment after we were amused to observe that we had sought shelter on the wrong side of the bales—the side facing the Confederate guns."

"I suppose we can surrender," cried a poor scolded fellow. "Surrender the devil!" replied Colburn. "I suppose we will fight them." "It was very creditable to the determination of our companion, but, to put it mildly, our fighting facilities just then were somewhat limited. My comrades assisted nearly all the wounded and scolded men down the sides of the barge to the water's edge, and placed them carefully upon hay bales. Remaining there we had nothing to lose and nothing to gain, and I urged:

"Let us take to the water." "Oh, yes," my friends replied; "we will after a while." "Soon I repeated the suggestion and they repeated the answer. It was no time to stand upon forms. I jumped into the water, ten or fifteen feet below our barge. The rolled over a hay bale for me. I climbed upon it and found it a very comfortable means of navigation. At last, free from the instinctive dread of mutilation by splinters which had constantly haunted me, I now felt that if wounded at all, it must at least be by a clean shot. The thought was a great relief.

"With dim suspicion—not the ripe and perfect knowledge afterward obtained—that clothing was scarce in the southern Confederacy, I removed my boots, tied them together with my watch chain, and fastened them to one of the hoops of the bale. Taking off my coat I secured it in the same manner."

Settling himself securely on his floating bale Richardson determined to escape down the river, but the enemy ceased firing and sent out a yawl and captured the whole party. The three correspondents gave the usual parole and went to Richmond for exchange, but the Confederate commissioner refused to release the Tribune men, and they lay in Libby prison and Castle Thunder several months. After employing counsel and trying every honorable means to secure justice the unfortunate men began to plot for escape.

Once they had everything planned to bribe the guards, but an accident revealed the scheme, and they were put in a dungeon for punishment, and were shortly afterward sent to Salisbury, N. C. About this time a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, W. T. Davis, united his fortunes with the Tribune men. A friendly guard bargained to pass the trio over his boat on a certain night. Richardson and Brown were on hand, but an accident delayed Davis until the guard was relieved, and the others refused to proceed without him.

Again and again hopes of escape were frustrated by some trifling. Now and then desperation led to some desperate efforts, but those, too, failed. One day a body of prisoners rushed upon a guard relief, seized their muskets, and attacked the sentinels on their posts. In their haste all hands rushed to one point and attempted to pass the fence, but a couple of field pieces and the muskets of the reserve guard turned upon that one point, quelled the insurrection in three minutes. A scheme of tunneling was pushed far toward success, but the prison commandant took alarm and posted a second line of guards 100 feet outside the stockade, and that rendered egress by tunnels out of the question.

On the 14th of January, 1865, the Tribune printed this dispatch from its long lost correspondent:

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 13, 1865. Out of the jaws of death: out of the mouth of hell. As a prisoner of war, I have been here for twenty-seven days before. GEORGE L. KILMER.

He Scored One. Mrs. Mervilleux—What is the longest word in the English language, Mr. Ponsoby?

Ponsoby (promptly)—Disproportionableness. Miss Mervilleux (pouting)—Do you know? Tell me, then, which is the most difficult to pronounce?

Ponsoby—When with you, good-by.—Harper's Bazar.

Used One Ax Almost Sixty Years. Emory Miller has an ax that he bought the day he was 21 years old, Jan. 14, 1832. He cut with it the next day twenty-eight spruce saw logs, a day's work for two common men. It has never been used since, and it is yet good for further service.—Adams, Mass., Enterprise.

Dr. Koch's paratubercle, or consumption cure, is composed of the pisonalities of tubercular bacilli, which is a poison of gold and glycerine. The glycerine preserves the pisonalities and the gold gives the liquid its brownish color.

filled. I shall be back in fifteen minutes, and wait you to remain right here to take them and distribute them among the hospitals. Do not go away now." "The lad understanding me perfectly replied, 'Yes, sir,' and I attempted to pass the sentinel by mere assurance. "The sentinel stopped me with his musket, demanding: "Have you a pass, sir?" "Certainly I have a pass," I replied, with all the indignation I could assume. "Have you not seen it often enough to know it by this time?" "Apparently a little dumfounded, he replied modestly: "Probably I have; but they are strict with us and I am not quite sure."

The sentinel examined the document, which was all right in Brown's hands, but all wrong in Richardson's. But he did not know the difference, and told Richardson to go on. Once outside Richardson met several Confederate officials who knew him, but the "peculiarly honest and business-like look of that medicine box" threw them off their guard. Instead of entering the dispensary Richardson hid his box and slipped under a convenient shelter. At dark his friends joined him, and the three passed the outer guard without difficulty. For the Tribune men this was the end of twenty months of captivity.

The first night and day were passed in the hands of a friendly citizen within one mile of the prison. The second night a Confederate lieutenant belonging to the Sons of America, an order of southern men who secretly aided the Union, met them and gave full directions how to reach friends on their journey. Then they set out on their long winter tramp, poorly clad and weak from long confinement.

The main guide of the refugees was a railroad track running west. They were often obliged to leave the line, however, to avoid crowded settlements, and in making detours were frequently lost. In these emergencies they relied upon chance friends among the slaves to direct them aright. One night they were rested and refreshed in a slave cabin, "the first dwelling," says Richardson, "that I had entered for twenty months. It was rude almost to squalor, but it looked more palatial than the most elegant and luxurious saloon."

The slave led them to the railroad from which they had strayed, and a long walk took them near to a village. In avoiding this they lost their way and walked twelve miles to gain half a mile. Another slave friend hid them for a day in his master's barn, remarking: "Master is a terrible man, a Confederate officer, and would kill me if he was to find us out."

Regaining the right road the travelers walked on until daylight, when they discovered that they were being followed by a Confederate horse guard. Another long detour was necessary to throw him off the scent. They next entered a region where slaves were few. Being almost starved, one of the party, who had secured a fair Confederate uniform for a disguise, entered a wayside tavern to get food. In the barroom a lounge gave him the sign of the Sons of America. This brought them a friend indeed, who loaned the party mules to ride and guided them five miles to the home of a strong Union man.

On the morning of the seventh day they found that they had made fifty miles of their direct journey. Their next chance for food was a woman whose acquaintance Richardson made by tapping at the door of a log cottage. After a sprightly colloquy she betrayed her sympathy with the Union cause. Richardson told his errand, receiving the cheerful salutation:

"If you are Yankees all I have to say is that you have come exactly to the right place."

Afterward she said to Richardson: "You were the first Yankee I ever saw. The moment I observed your clothing I knew you must be one, and I wanted to throw my arms about your neck and kiss you."

On Dec. 30 they crossed Yadkin river into a region where Union homes were plenty. Communications had to be opened with women because the men were "lying out" to avoid impressment by the hated Confederacy. After allaying all suspicions the refugees found the people of great service.

"These men were walking arsenals. Each had a trusty rifle, one or two navy revolvers, a great bowie knife, haversack and canteen."

Guided and fed by such friends the refugees reached Tennessee early in January. Yet their perils were not over, for the mountains were patrolled by Confederate guerrillas. Once they had to pass within a quarter of a mile of a notorious rendezvous called Little Richmond. An invalid across from his bed and guided them past the danger at the risk of his life. On another occasion their guide, the celebrated Don Ellis, aroused the party from sleep with the startling announcement: "We have walked right into a nest of rebels. Several hundred are within a few miles, eighty are in this immediate vicinity."

The refugees scattered among the mountains in groups, each group having a faithful guide. Richardson and others were led by a young woman who often performed this service, and whose name, Melvina Stevens, was not revealed until the war closed.

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MOUNTAINEER PHILOSOPHY.

He Knew All About Christopher Columbus and George Washington.

As I was to take a short cut over a spur of the Cumberland mountains, in northern Tennessee, I hired a colored boy about 15 years of age to go a part of the distance with me. He had a solemn, serious look, and I soon discovered that he was a philosopher. He had been going to school and was able to read and figure a little. He boasted of this before we started, and soon after we were under way he said:

"Bin readin' 'bout Christopher Columbus in de skule books."

"You have, eh? What did you find out about him?"

"He diskivered America, sah."

"Dat wasn't no mighty smart, though. He couldn't dun help it, you see. He had com'd to de shore, and America was right dar, an' all he had to do was to look at de land an' de trees an' diskiver 'em. Dat doan' begin wid lookin' at two holler trees an' tellin' which one de coon went up when de dawgs hustled him."

"Have you read 'bout W. Washington?"

"Gawgw Washington! Yes, sah. He'un fit in de revolutionary wah."

"Great man."

"Had to be, sah. He was de fadder of his kentry. He'un had to be powerful peart, or de folks would hev put him out. Jest like de case of 'Squar' Henshaw, down at de mills. If he'un hadn't known jist what to do when Sam Fenloe war tried fur stealin' Tom Walker's mewl, him would hev bin bounced."

"What did he do?"

"Said dat Sam stole it, suah 'nuff. Had to say so, kase de mewl was stole wif 'nobody else had bin 'rested. After Sam had bin in jail six weeks de mewl was found dead in de bresh."

"Which is de largest ocean?"

"I shan't dun tell."

"Dat why?"

"Kase I hasn't measured an' doan' want to lie 'bout it. If I lied 'bout de ocean you'd say I lied 'bout de trail, an' you wouldn't pay me an' I'd hev this tramp for nuffin."

"If there were six birds on one tree and four on another how many would there be in all?"

"Trees clus together?"

"Yes."

"Some kind o' birds?"

"Yes."

"Nobody aroun' wid a gun?"

"No."

"Den you couldn't make it out dat way, now. Jist as suah as you lib, all dem birds would be on one tree. Reckon you doan know much 'bout dese yere parts."

I had been told that there was moonshiners in the Cumberland, and that the chances were I would be stopped and sharply investigated. When ready to part from the youth I asked:

"Do you think I'll meet any moonshiners today?"

"Dat depends, sah."

"On wheder somebody hidin' behind de bresh or rocks doan' pop you over befo' you kin meet. If he'un's gun hangs fish you'un will probably meet."

It was a hot day in July, with a clear sky, but I asked him if he thought the weather would hold, and he looked at the sky and replied:

"Doan' want to say, sah. If it should hold you'un wouldn't give me no credit, an' if it should snow you'un would cuss me all day. Good-day, sah. Keep to de right after you cross de branch. If de doan' bring you out den cum back an' keen to de left."—M. Quaid in Detroit Free Press.

A Quartet of German Jokes.

"I wish I had the same disease as Mrs. Callem."

"What's her trouble?" inquired the husband.

"I don't know, but the physicians have ordered that she spend a year or so abroad."

"Why won't you associate with Fleeckel?"

"Because he won't associate with me. Before I married her. A man that's sharper than I am is no associate for me."

"Ale, here's the \$5 I borrowed from you."

"Good! I'd forgotten all about it."

"You did? Then why didn't you tell me sooner?"

A gentleman on a walking tour is set upon by a band of robbers.

"Whence come you?" demands the captain of the band.

"From the Casino at Monte Carlo," replies the gentleman with fear and trembling.

"So, so," murmurs the captain in compassionate tones, then turning to his companions he continues: "Alms, gentlemen, alms for the poor traveler!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Inappropriate.

Poetess—What's the matter with that poem, sir? I thought it would be acceptable.

Sancturum—Well, it's all right, I guess; but it doesn't seem to be suited to its subject.

THE CRY OF MILLIONS!

OH, MY BACK!

STOP IT NOW.

SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have tried many different remedies and have sought aid from different physicians without relief. About the 1st of April I was suffering from a very violent attack that almost prostrated me in such a manner that I was best over. When I sat down it was almost impossible for me to get up alone, or to put on my clothes, when kind Providence sent Dr. Hensley, with the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, to my hotel. I immediately commenced using the tea. It had an almost miraculous effect, and to the astonishment of all the guests at the hotel, in a few days I am happy to state, that I was a new man. I will recommend the tea to all afflicted as I have been.

G. A. TUPPER, Proprietor Occidental Hotel, Santa Rosa, Cal.

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IN THE PROBATE COURT IN AND FOR the county of Utah, in the matter of the estate of William Duncan, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the said William Duncan, deceased, has been appointed administrator of said estate and that he has taken the oath of office and is now acting as such administrator.

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Will include all the styles mentioned in Lot 1, only made of much finer materials.

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